ROBIN HOOD and the *RANGER*;

OR,

True Friendſhip after a fierce Fight.

WHen Phebus had melted the ſickles of ice.
With a hey down, down, and a down,
And likewiſe the mountains of ſnow,
Bold Robin he would frolickſome be,
To ramble abroad with his bow.

He left all his merry men waiting behind,
While thro' the green vallies he paſt,
There did he behold a foreſter bold,
Who cry'd out, Friend, whither ſo faſt?

I'm going, quoth Robin, to kill a fat buck,
For me and my merry men all;

Beſides, 'ere I go, I'll have a fair doe,
Or elſe it ſhall coſt me a fall.

You'd beſt have a care, ſaid the foreſter then,
For theſe are his majeſty's deer;
Before you ſhall ſhoot the thing I'll diſpute,
For I am head foreſter here.

Theſe thirteen long ſummers, quoth Robin, I'm ſure,
My arrows I here have let flv?
Where freely I range, methinks it is ſtrange,
You ſhould have more power than I.

This foreſt, quoth Robin, I think is my own,
And ſo are the nimble deer too;
Therefore I declare, and ſolemnly ſwear,
I won't be affronted by you.

The foreſter he had a quarter ſtaff,
Likewiſe a broad ſword by his ſide?
Without more ado he preſently drew,
Declaring the truth ſhould be try'd.

Bold Robin Hood had a ſword of the beſt;
That 'ere he would take any wrong:
His courage was fluſh, he'd venture a bruſh,
And ſo they went to it ding dong.

The very firſt blow that the foreſter gave,
He made his broad weapon cry Twang;
'Twas over the head, he fell down for dead,
Oh! that was a damnable bang.

But Robin he ſoon did recover himſelf,
And bravely fell to it again:
The very next ſtroke their weapons they broke,
Yet never a man was their ſlain.

At quarter-ſtaff then they reſolved to play,
Becauſe they would have t'other bout:
And brave Robin Hood right valiantly ſtood
Unwilling he was to give out.

Bold Robin he gave him a very hard blow,
The other return'd them ſo faſt;
At every ſtroke their jackets did ſmoke,
Three hours the combat did laſt.

At length in a rage the bold foreſter grew,
And cudgel'd brave Robin ſo ſore,
That he could not ſtand, ſo ſhaking his hand,
He ſaid, Pray now let us give o'er.

Thou art a brave fellow, I needs muſt confeſs
I never knew any ſo good;
Thou art fitting to be a yeoman for me.
And range in the merry green wood.

I'll give thee this ring as a token of love,
For bravely thou haſt acted thy part;

That man that can fight, in him I delight,
And love him with all my whole heart.

Then Robin Hood ſetting his horn to hi mouth,
A blaſt on it merrily blows;
His yeomen did hear, and ſtrait did appear,
An hundred with truſty long bows.

Now Little John came at the head of them all,
Cloathed in a rich mantle of green;
And likewiſe the reſt were curiouſly dreſt,
A delicate ſight to be ſeen.

Lo! theſe are my yeoman, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
And thou ſhalt be one of the train,
A mantle and bow, a quiver alſo,
I give them whom I entertain.

The foreſter willingly enter'd the liſt,
They were ſuch a beautiful ſight;
Then with a long bow they ſhot a fat doe,
And made a rich ſupper that night.

What ſinging and dancing was in the green wood,
For joy of another new mate!
With mirth and delight they ſpent the long night,
And liv'd at a plentiful rate.

The foreſter ne'er was ſo merry before,
As then he was with theſe brave ſouls,
Who never would fail, in wine, beer, or ale,
To take off their cheriſhing bowls.

Then Robin Hood gave him a mantle of green,
Broad arrows, and a curious long bow;
This done, the next day, ſo gallant and gay,
He marched them all on a row.

Quoth he, my brave yeomen, be true to your truſt,
And then we may range the wood wide.
They all did declare and ſolemnly ſwear,
They'd conquer, or die by his ſide.

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